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by which he is surrounded; who sees nothing in the ever varying transformation and beauty of the clouds that soar above his head but a mass of water preparing to descend upon him and his umbrella; who can hear no language in the voice of the winds, no song in the brook which ripples at his feet;—to such the lyric drama must indeed be a blank, or worse. But a visit to a theatre requires something more than the reasoning faculty; we must not argue the question of consistency as we would a problem in Euclid, but give up the spirit, with which all God's creatures have been sanctified, to the freedom of imagination that is waiting with the patience and warmth of heart of a kind handmaiden, and leave her to guide us into the realm of fancy and of beauty. As well might we turn from the Arabian Nights or the Fables of Æsop, because of their impenetrable, intangible mysteries, as quarrel with the opera because its heroes and heroines express their feelings in tone and melody opposed to the common-places of every-day life. We know that the trees, the rocks, the seas, and the rivers of the stage are paint and canvass; but when they make a part of the "Forest of Ardennes," or the "Enchanted Isle" of Shakspeare, for the sake of the poet and the love and veneration we owe him, we take the hand of *Prospero*, or listen to the wit of *Touchstone*, with an earnestness of purpose that transforms all into a reality,—paint and canvass instantly become a truth to us. The opera is a dream or fable; we must have strong faith in it, or we had better stay at home, and leave those who can enjoy and feel to criticise. Like all other tastes, the love of music may be nourished from the smallest germ into large and vigorous life,—the habit of attending to its beauties, and the desire of appreciating them, lead to a conviction of its truth; whilst its effect upon the mind is to elevate and refine, perhaps beyond all other sensuous enjoyment. If you think otherwise, good reader, go into the theatres of the Continent, and see the power of a great singer over the feelings of those crowded audiences; nay, go to your own small but elegant theatre, and mark the potency of many impassioned scenes upon a people who, as yet, are but in the first chapter of what may become to them a noble volume.

Let us not doubt the potency of music when we look upon the actor declaiming under its influence: it is curious, almost a psychological study, to mark the man as he treads the stage before, and during, the strain to which his thoughts shall be wedded. From the dull piece of every-day human flesh, he becomes as graceful as a god, and impassioned,—following the strain of a gifted composer through all his varied passages of tenderness, pathos, dignity, love, hatred, or revenge. Though we never could hold up Braham as a fine actor, yet to witness his small dumpy figure and ungainly strut, expand into dignity and grace under the inspiration of the orchestra, was a sight worthy to remember; and who can have heard him in the concert-room declaiming the "*Deeper, and deeper still*," "*Total Eclipse*," "*Mad Tom*," or "*Luther's Hymn*," and not feel that, in the mingling of sentiment and sound, there is something more "than is dreamt of in your philosophy." It is in moments like these that the heart expands in its sympathies,—stretches out the hand to the weak,—whispers encouragement to the depressed, and applauds the strong; that men grow gentler and better,—determine upon goodness, and build up hopeful resolves. It is in moments like these

that they catch glimpses of pure taste and brilliant fancy, and make for themselves a world of beauty; and the dream becomes a rest and solace after the hard buffets, and anxious cares, and gloomy realities of daily life. It is looking at art with such feelings that we desire to see it encouraged in the midst of a population whose labours, in spite of their noble tendencies, are apt, without recreation, to lower the tone of the mind; and because we are anxious that every attempt should be in a right direction—emanate from the best feelings; not a mockery of art, but a true worship.

#### SPURIOUS PIANOFORTES.

Public attention cannot be too frequently directed to a fraud which appears to be extensively practised in reference to Pianofortes, and which is daily on the increase. Besides a simulation of the names of the most esteemed manufacturers, a certain number of "Garret" makers, with fictitious names, "plant" pianos with a confederate, who may be a *HATTER, a Cabinet Maker, a Stationer, &c.*, who invite people, by reiterated advertisements, to buy an instrument "*by one of the best makers, and having all the recent improvements*." This matchless bargain is to be sold sometimes "*because its owner is about to quit the country*," sometimes "*in consequence of the sudden widowed condition of its possessor*." Pianofortes, in endless succession, are supplied from the same inexhaustible stock, by "*owners about to quit the country*." This identical fraud has for years continued to be practised in the heart of the Metropolis, as well as throughout the provinces, by the same individuals, and it still alike deceives both persons from the country, and the proverbially wary Londoners. Showy but valueless instruments are also sent from London by the dozen to the provincial towns, exhibited in rooms temporarily hired for the purpose, briskly advertised in the local papers, and of course bought "*cheap*" by the unwary, in the belief that they are the genuine manufacture of the parties whose names are forged or simulated on them. Many indeed have been the victims who have regretted that their eyes ever fell upon the attractively-penned advertisements, or the perhaps more attractive-looking instruments.—*From the City of London Trade Protection Circular.*

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. W. will learn every particular by addressing a letter to Thomas Brewer, Esq., Hon. Sec. Sacred Harmonic Society, 6, Exeter Hall.

J. D., Wisbeach, will find the subject he alludes to noticed both in the October and our present number.

AN AMATEUR, Barnstaple, is thanked for the communication, but we are unable to insert it from want of room.

A COUNTRY CORRESPONDENT.—The Conductor in our modern orchestras presides with the full-score before him, and gives the time either by waiving his hand or a small stick. The Leader was a name given to the first-violin player before the general introduction of a conductor, because this player was in the habit of giving the time by waiving his bow. The modern arrangement is an obvious improvement, since the first-violin part was wanting when the bow was waiving, and the first-violin copy contained only a slight indication of what the rest of the orchestra had to play. The presence of the Conductor has therefore superseded the office of Leader, and the first-violin player is now enabled to give complete attention to his own part.